Boston Nov. 28, 1863.

Wm Lloyd Garrison –

My Dear Freind –

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Your letter of invitation to attend the thirtieth Anniversary of the formation of the American Anti Slavery Society at Philadelphia on the 3. and 4. of Dec. next, was duly received, and it would afford me great pleasure to avail myself of such an opportunity to visit the City of Brotherly Love, and mingle with you in the congratulations with which the old and tried veterans of our moral warfare will hail the dawn of the glorious sun-light of liberty in our guilty, and therefore stricken land. But my home duties will deprive me of that enjoyment. The apology of a letter is all I can offer to swell the grand chorus which will go up from thousands of hearts in thanksgiving, and hope for that near future, when we trust the clanking of chains will no longer be heard, – when in the tardy repentence which is being wrung from us by such awful sacrifice and suffering, we shall strive to make some amends for the foul wrong we have done to our common human nature in the person of the negro.

"And, in the blood our hearts have spilt,
Wash out the long arrears of guilt."

Your work is nearly completed for which you blew that bugle blast more than a generation ago, warning the

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nation of the doom to which it was madly hastening, and summoning the good and true to the rescue of the imperiled and betrayed liberty in whose behalf you then resolved to be "as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as Justice". Certainly nothing less could have saved us. The trumpet has been heard. The shock of battle is upon us. The walls of the towering Jericho are tumbling down. But this desperate and convulsive struggle shows us that the warning voice came not a moment too soon, — that the fangs of the serpent had touched the vital currents, and nearly paralyzed the presiding centres of organic life. It now appears as if you were "Just in time", and that the Divine obstinacy with which you have stood to your guns, "not retreating a single inch" through all these stormy and wrathful years, has secured our salvation even "as by fire". I have said the work to which you specially pledged yourself in your early manhood is drawing rapidly to a close. What was that work? This, namely That there is something in every man, constituting the inherent, essential qualities of his human nature, which belongs to him and which can never rightfully be made a subject of barter and sale, and to which he has a clear and indefeasable title now and forever, — from birth till death — and through the whole cycle of eternity. It furnishes the only basis of all legitimate government — of Justice, love, mercy, hope and of immortal. To deny this is to deny every thing — to cast us out on the tempestuous sea of human

life without chart or compass, - at the mercy of every wind which unhallowed ambition, cupidity, and hate may blow upon us - leaving us literally without God, and without hope in the world. Standing on this primal, fundamental truth, - the key to all that is noble and aspiring in man's character and destiny, - it may well be said that "Slavery is the sum of all villanies", and that its advocates are logically capable of committing any crime that has ever been perpetrated or conceived since the world began.

Our people stand aghast at the reported torture and starvation of the prisoners at Richmond; the wholsale murder of our colored soldiers and their officers when falling into the hands of the rebels, and at the stories of violated paroles and the stealing of articles sent by their permission from the loyal States; to relieve our perishing brothers in their loathsome dungeons; - as if any thing better could be expected of a people who have reduced cruelty, robbery, and murder to a science whose "divine right" is the Corner Stone of their hell - born "Confederacy". No! Instead of wondering at any cruelty or breach of plighted faith which the rebels may display we should regard this as but the natural rule of conduct among those who would destroy a beneficent Government for the purpose of founding an Empire on a basis more infernal than that Spirit which ruled Tamerlane when he reared his pyramid of human sculls on the plains of Damascus. The devil that has so long possessed this people is now being cast out. He will rend us in departing, and it is possible the patient may be taken up for dead; but the new birth into universal liberty shall insure for us and for our children a long and brilliant future of prosperity freedom and happiness.

"Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,
The message of deliverance comes;
But heralded by roll of drums,
On waves of battle-troubled air.

Not as we hoped, but what are we?
Above our broken dreams and plans
God lays, with wiser hand than man's,
The corner-stones of liberty.

I cavil not with Him, — the voice
That Freedom's blessed gospel tells,
Is sweet to me as silver bells,
Rejoicing! Yea, I will rejoice."

As you gather, ~~with~~ the remnant of that small, but noble band who signed the "Declaration of Sentiments" at Philadelphia thirty years ago, with others, representatives of the many thousands who have since joined the army of freedom as it ~~goes~~ has gone marching on", you have the assurance of an early triumph of those principles for which you have faithfully lived, and so many have gloriously died.

"Once more to the breach, my friends, once more."

For even now ~~from~~ on the ruins of the old barbarism, the blossoms of the new civilization are beginning to burgeon from our national tree, ~~and~~ and are rich with the promise of immortal fruit.

Yours in the light of the new dawn.

N. W. Whiting.

Hon. N. H. Whiting,
Boston.
Nov. 28, 1863.